

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiens qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Laquenetta and the Clowne.

Iagu. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perfit, Which is the one?

Cl. Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of perfiting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iagu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cofard*, and sent mee from *Don Armato*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbrarum matris, and so forth.* Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the trauciler doth of *Venice*, *venetie, quencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re sol la misa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beaurie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that soule, that fees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye *Jones* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangener.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeie caret: *O-middius Nafu* was the man. And why in deed *Nafu*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iagu. I sir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauntious Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladyship in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Cofard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

Cof. Haue with thee my girle.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vnder take your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Enter *Berowne* with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrch, pitch that defiles: defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow: for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side, I will not loue: if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throte. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie: Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside.

The King entreats.

Kin. Aymee!

Bero. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpte him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sonne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue snort. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flower. Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the teares that swell in mee, And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter *Longaule*. The King steps aside.

What *Longaule*, and reading? listen eare.

Bero. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Bero. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Bero. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Long. Am I the first y haue been perjur'd so? (know,

Bero. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of *Loues* Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet *Maria*, Emperesse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Bero. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hofe,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,

Gaine whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perswade my heart to this false periurie?

Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaust this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Bero. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deiry.

A Greene Goose, a Goddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs; God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter *Dumaine*.

Long. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched foolcs secrets heedfully ore-eye.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most diuine Kate.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber cored.

Bero. An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.

Dum. As vp right as the Cedar.

Bero. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Bero. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Bero. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

Bero. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in
Dum. Once more
Bero. Once more I

Dumaine

On a day, alacke

Loue, whose M

Spied a blossom

Playing in the v

Through the V

All on scene, ca

That the Loner

With himselfe th

Ayre (quoth he

Ayre, would I

But alacke my

Nere to plucke

Vow alacke for

Toush so apt to

Do not call it

That I am forso

Thou for whom

Iuno but an

And denie hims

Turning moria

This will I send, and

That shall expresse m

O would the King, Be

Were Louers too, ill

Would from my foreh

For none offend, wher

Lon. *Dumaine*, thy

That in Loues griefe d

You may looke pale, b

To be ore-heard, and

Kin. Come sir, you

You chide at him, offe

You doe not loue Ma

Did neuer Sonnet for

Nor neuer lay his wra

His louing bosome, t

I haue beene closely s

And markt you both,

I heard your guilty Ri

Saw sighes reeke from

Aye me, sayes one! O

On her haire were Go

You would for Paradi

And loue for your Lou

What will *Berowne* say

Faith infringed, which

How will he scorne ho

How will he triumph,

For all the wealth thar

I would not haue him

Bero. Now step I fe

Ah good my Lidge, I

Good heart, What gr

These wormes for louin

Your eyes doe make no

There is no certaine Pr

You'll not be perjur'd,

Tush, none but Minstre

But are you not asham